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CHARLES F. WATERMAN
MEMORIAL.



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PRESENTED BY



Harry E. Griswold,

With kind regards of Mr. J. Waterman
Nov 29/89.



Charles F. Waterman.

“Blessed are the pure in heart.”

(MATT. V, 8.)

In Memoriam.

CHARLES FREDERICK WATERMAN.

BORN OCT. 23, 1854; DIED MAY 29, 1889.

ALSO

DEDICATION

OF THE

BETHANY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

JUNE 1, 1889.

MENANDS, ALBANY, N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y.

WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY.

1889.

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^{Gin}
S. B. Griswold
FEB 1 1908

Our Lord.

BY CARLOS.

All power is given unto Me.—Matt. 28: 18.
The host of Heaven worshippeth Thee.—Neh. 9: 6.

Sun and moon and stars adore Him,
Nations at His feet shall fall;
Heaven and earth their praises render
To the Saviour, Lord of all.

Before Him every knee shall bow,
To Him shall every tongue confess;
And own how just is the decree,
Which falls from Him in righteousness.

Men and angels lift their voices
To proclaim His wondrous love;
Satan, fiends and demons fear Him —
Fear the power from above.

All power and might our Lord possesses,
And man to Him allegiance owes;
Jesus reigns with loving kindness,
O'er His children once His foes.

We are weak, but He is mighty,
In His strength we too are strong;
His grace forever all-sufficient,
For every trial, thorn and wrong.

Goodness, mercy, strength He giveth
To the feeblest of His fold;
From His hand no man shall pluck them,
Their price more precious far than gold.

'Twas His blood with which He bought them,
'Tis His blood that gives them life,
This the seal He sets upon them,
Seal of everlasting life.

Prayer is the medium through which flows,
The blessing which His hand bestows;
Then let our prayers forever rise,
To Him who dwells above the skies !

Written by the deceased while ill in Paris in the winter of 1877.

Obituary Notices.

Of the articles that appeared in the columns of the daily prints, on the occasion of the death of the subject of this memorial, the limits of our space forbid us to reproduce more than the following.

(From the Albany *Times*, Thursday evening, May 30, 1889.)

The news of the death yesterday of Charles F. Waterman, although anticipated for some weeks, came with inexpressible sadness to all who knew that most estimable young man. He was the second son of Jeremiah Waterman, and lived with his father at Menands, his delicate health for years preventing him from engaging in any regular business. He was born in Albany in 1854. He was educated at the Albany Academy, but before graduation was compelled to leave school on account of weak lungs. With a brave and hopeful spirit he sought a restoration of health in Europe and later in Colorado. More than once he was near to death's door, and his rallies were sometimes a matter of astonishment even to his physi-

cians. The seat of disease was the heart. He was out for the last time to vote at the Watervliet town election in April. Since then he has been very low, at times giving slight promise of being better, but for the last few days, during which he suffered terribly, all hope has been abandoned, and death came as a relief.

The character of Mr. Waterman was as rare as it was beautiful. He embodied the tenderness, sympathy and quick intuitions of a woman, with the force, enterprise and persistency of a man. Thwarted by ill health in his wish to become a regular minister of the gospel, he went about doing good in his own way as he had opportunity. A more devoted or more spiritual-minded Christian never served the Master. For the past few years the Menands mission was the great object of his labors. It was very largely through his instrumentality that the Presbyterian church of stone, just completed and not yet dedicated, was erected. It was the pet project of his life. He not only gave freely of his own substance, but he sought by every means in his power to interest others, especially those who live near by, and who by contributing as they could afford, would be led to feel that the church was theirs. He also solicited funds from his friends in this city and elsewhere, and increased the amount finally given to nearly double what was at first proposed. Largely through him,

also, steps were taken to form a church organization which will come into existence next month. In all this work, to which he devoted more strength than he had to spare, his modesty, his deference to the opinions of others, his eagerness to keep himself in the background, were most noticeable and most lovable.

Now, just as the beautiful chapel has received its finishing touches, and just before the church organization has been perfected, when success was to crown his months and years of effort, and all that he had longed for was to become an established fact, the summons comes and he has been called to his eternal rest. To those to whom it has not been given to know the unutterable joys laid up for the redeemed, it seems as though the other world itself could have had no greater happiness than would have come to him on earth had he lived to see his plans fulfilled; but with him it is well. No person who knew Charles Waterman doubts for a moment that he is among the glorified saints in Heaven.

The funeral will take place on Saturday at 3 P. M., and very appropriately from the chapel, it being the first exercises held within its walls. The building committee meet this evening to take action on his death. At a meeting of the Mission held in the school-house last evening it was resolved, instead of the usual floral tributes, to place a tablet or perhaps a memorial window in the chapel.

Mr. Waterman was a member of the Third (Clinton Square) Presbyterian Church in this city. He was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and aided largely in obtaining the ground for Jermain Hall.

(From *Work at Home*, July, 1889.)

After a long and painful illness, Charles F. Waterman, of Menands, passed away Wednesday morning, May 29. While his death was not a surprise, it was a shock to his family and to the community at large. Through his entire career he was subject to ill health. Indulging a hope that a sojourn in Europe might benefit his condition, he spent two years abroad. Returning home, he again sought recuperation in the west, spending some time in Denver, Col. Here he lay at the point of death, and his case was abandoned by the physicians. But upon the arrival of his father, hope revived, and he so far regained his strength as to be able to return home, where he remained until the time of his death. During all these fluctuations of physical debility he was devoted to the enthusiasm of good work. His kindly and disinterested spirit diffused itself wherever he moved. The ambition of his early youth was to study for the ministry, and although disappointed in this, yet his life was a ministry quite as potent for good as it would have been had he felt the hands of ordination. The Presbyterian Chapel in

Menands will be his abiding memorial. His death is keenly felt in the Third Presbyterian Church, in which he was elder. The only compensation for the removal of such a character is the inspiration it affords, to emulate its virtues and inculcate its graces in so far as they were illustrated by the spirit of Christ.

(From *Young Men's Work*, published by Y. M. C. A., June, 1889.)

If ever the memory of a man will be held in loving remembrance it will be that of Charles F. Waterman, whose earthly life ceased Wednesday, May 29th.

From young manhood he had been a sufferer from a bronchial and heart trouble, and several times been close to death's door, but his life was spared for works that few men are permitted to do, even in the ministry, to which he had consecrated his life, but which he was not permitted to enter on account of ill health.

Although a constant sufferer he was ever considering how he might benefit others ; ready with a liberal purse and with a yet deeper interest than the contribution of money. He entered into the lives of young men coming within his influence, and many men to-day will tell of the inspiration his words and life have been to them. Always deeply interested in young men, he became actively identified with the Young Men's Christian Association from the time it was revived in 1880; and in its darkest days, and it

had some very dark days then, he was its earnest advocate and strongest supporter, and for several years a member of the Board. When the courage of the strongest failed, his did not.

He was among the first to urge the need of a permanent building for the Association, made the first subscription for that purpose, and gave all the strength he possessed for several months to soliciting subscriptions for the building site. Largely through his instrumentality a chapel has been erected at Menands, his home, from which he was buried. His funeral service was the first to be held in the edifice, and at that time it was dedicated. It might well be called "The Charles Waterman Memorial Chapel;" but his memory will not need to be perpetuated by any building. There are lives that shall be memorials to him, and his name shall not perish.

Letters of Condolence.

A few of the numerous letters of sympathy received by the family of the deceased.

(From Rev. JOHN McC. HOLMES, D. D., State Street Presbyterian Church, Albany.)

ALBANY, *May* 29, 1889.

My Dear Mr. WATERMAN — I have just heard, through Mrs. Wm. M. Van Antwerp, that your son Charles has entered into rest. I had hoped, even despite the unfavorable symptoms of the past week, that his life might be spared yet longer. But He who knoweth all things fully and doeth all things wisely, has called him to Himself, and to-night he is in his Heavenly Father's home.

I know how sadly you and all yours miss his presence in your earthly home. He was a perpetual benediction to all who knew and loved him. But he was ripe for Heaven—and having finished his course he has gone to receive the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, gives to all who love

and serve Him. He was so pure ; so true ; so good ; so little like the world ; so much like Christ ; surely Heaven is his appropriate dwelling place. My heart goes out to you and Mrs. Waterman and all the members of your family circle in loving sympathy. May God comfort you. I cannot. But I can pray for you, and I will. As ever, I am

Very sincerely and sympathizingly yours,

JOHN McCLELLAN HOLMES.

(From Rev. WM. E. GRIFFIS, D. D., Shawmut Avenue Congregational Church, Boston.)

BOSTON, *June 3, 1889.*

Dear Mr. and Mrs. WATERMAN — We have felt with you during the illness of the beloved son, and now our hearts bleed with yours ; for in so far as we knew ‘ Charlie ’ we loved him. I remember especially our long and pleasant conversation together in 1886, as we walked to the old home of Arendt Van Curler at Port Schuyler ; and his interest in my search for knowledge of *a great and good man who lived without fame* was very pleasing to me, because I felt that your son was *a great man* in the sight of God, though unknown to the mighty world at large. One favorite Bible character of mine, has always been Jabez, I Chronicles, chap. iv, verses 9 and 10,* whose only record in bio-

* “ And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me ! And God granted him that which he requested.” — I Chron. 4 : 10.

graphical form *is an answered prayer*, and he always reminded me of your son, who was so rich in grace, who was kept from evil, and in God's strength allowed to do so much for his fellow men.

Again, accept our hearty sympathy.

Faithfully,

K. L. and W. E. GRIFFIS.

(From Rev. JAS. N. CROCKER, D. D., Saratoga Springs.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *June 5*, 1889.

My Dear Mr. WATERMAN — I received, this morning, an Albany paper containing a notice of the death of your son Charles, my highly esteemed friend. This is the first I knew about it.

I need not say that you and your family have my deepest sympathy. You know that. Nor need I eulogize to you his lovely, bright and forceful Christian character.

If we must give up our friends to leave us for their real home, what a joy in the sorrow that the friend departing is such a character? The Lord gave him a mission and right faithfully did he fill it. May his example and faith stimulate us; and may God, who gave his parents such a son, bless them more abundantly now. I think of him only as crowned. Remember me to all your family in this bereavement.

Yours in Christian love,

J. N. CROCKER.

(From Rev. H. C. WESTWOOD, D. D., Fredonia, N. Y.)

FREDONIA, N. Y., *June* 1, 1889.

My Dear Mr. WATERMAN—My telegram in answer to yours announcing the departure of our dear Charley expressed my sympathy. I have had no heart to write since, for I feel as if I, personally, have sustained a loss. I have been looking for this ever since the Denver days, but it is none the less sudden and painful now. Of course I know that this feeling is selfish, for he is infinitely happier now. But in these days of weakening faith and degenerate experience, such men as Charley Waterman are needed. Earth cannot afford to lose them. So it would seem to me. And yet we cannot tell what he may yet do, not only because “being dead, he yet speaketh,” but because of the rounds of service he may yet fill by the mysterious influence of his spirit among men. I believe that the spirit would come very close to us, and that God’s children have no vacation time from the death bed to the resurrection morn. Charley, you may well believe, is very busy now. I can almost see him as in this early morning I sit in my study, and think of the precious and consecrated treasure which blessed your home. Many men have received earthly honors, but to have been the father or mother of Charley Waterman, outstrips them far. I only hope that my boys may be as simple hearted, as true, as devoted, as princely in spirit.

How he appears before me as he did in my Denver Bible class, as he asked his intelligent questions and patiently waited for the answer! How, on that sick bed he thought and spoke of his parents and longed to live long enough to see them again! How he appreciated the devotion of his brother! How his face lighted up when he took hold of hope and said that he would get home! It all is as if no longer ago than yesterday. I am glad that he came into my life. I'll never forget him, nor will my wife and older children; and all the children shall often be told of him. Blessed of the Lord was he! I should like to have a true and large likeness of him as one of my family treasures. Have any ever been taken?

Mrs. Westwood joins me in tenderest sympathy to you and Mrs. Waterman. May God bless you.

Truly yours,

HENRY C. WESTWOOD.

(From Rev. EBEN HALLEY, D. D., Troy, N. Y.)

PAWLING AVENUE, TROY, *June 2*, 1889.

My Dear Friend—I learned on Friday evening for the first time of the death of your beloved Charley. I knew of his illness in the early spring; but heard that he was recovering. And it was a great and sad surprise, for which I was wholly unprepared, to know that I shall never look upon his face in this world again. Nothing but an engagement out of the city on Satur-

day, which could not be recalled, prevented me from being present at the funeral service.

While my heart sympathizes tenderly with you all in your great grief, I cannot but think of God's great mercy in sparing him so long to you, and in giving through his career such a radiant testimony of the brightness and beauty of a consecrated life. I never met Charley (I love to call him by that familiar name), without feeling nearer to God and to Heaven. He seemed always to be a dweller in two worlds ; and while he walked with us here, to have made acquaintance with the unseen and celestial life. Indeed, after having known him, it is easy to believe that the eternal life is one life — here and yonder, because it is simply the life of Christ dwelling in us. When God spoke to him and he "was not," Heaven was not far away, nor hard for him to find. Nor do I think that he was much surprised when he was welcomed there. The sorrow was all on this side. It was no sorrow to leave that frail body and be clothed with the body which is spiritual ; which knows no pain, no wearisome nights, but is the fit robe of the spirit.

The one thing which will press upon our thoughts, is, "what will we do without him?" So earnest, so pure of purpose, so consecrated to every good work. I cannot forget how he loved my dear father, and how that love was returned. May God comfort you all. I shall hope to come and see you very soon.

With affectionate remembrance and sympathy for Mrs. Waterman and all the children, I remain, my dear Mr. Waterman,

Faithfully yours,

EBEN HALLEY.

(From Rev. WM. B. HILL, Athens, N. Y.)

ATHENS, N. Y., *June* 8, 1889.

Dear Mr. WATERMAN — Returning home to-night from General Synod, I find the paper announcing the death of your son Charles. The news brings no shock of surprise, but it does fill me with deep sadness. I feel a sense of personal loss.

The hours we spent together were most delightful. I felt strongly drawn to him from the first, and I am pleased to believe that the feeling was reciprocal. But who could do otherwise than love him? The sweetness, the modesty, the chastened thought, the deep spirituality of his character were shown in every word and act. And the impression they produced was deepened by the calm recognition that death was not far away, and the heroic determination to labor on for Christ till the end should come. Brief as was our acquaintance, I am sure that I am a better man for it, and I shall always cherish tenderly the memory of Charles F. Waterman.

I need not write words of comfort; I am sure that he, long ago, spoke better ones than I can offer. I

dare not try to explain the mystery of his death — why God took him out of a world which stands in sore need of such as he. The Master called him to some other, grander work. That I know. But where and what? I send these lines to tell you that I stand a mourner among his host of friends, and, knowing from my own sense of loss how overwhelming your great bereavement must be, I pray that God's comfort may be granted you in richest measure.

On the tomb of one of New England's heroes, are these words from the Pilgrim's Progress: "The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose windows opened toward the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang." I know no better description of the Christian's grave, and I delight in the picture it brings to mind. Perhaps you, too, may be pleased with it.

Repeating my expression of deepest sympathy, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

WM. BANCROFT HILL.

(From Rev. NINIAN B. REMICK, D. D., Troy, N. Y.)

TROY, N. Y., *June 7*, 1889.

My Dear Mr. WATERMAN — I was startled, when I opened the paper some one kindly sent me, to read the announcement of the death of your beloved son Charles. Though I knew he had been in ill health for some

time, yet I expected he would be spared to us many years. Having just returned from a trip to California, I anticipated as one of my first pleasures, calling upon him and hearing about the new chapel. And what a monument he leaves behind! A church! A church where the gospel will be preached for many years to come; where scores and hundreds will be led into a Christian life! A thousand times better than a thousand of the most conspicuous monuments in a cemetery! After all, he is a preacher of the gospel. After all, he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

He was one of the choicest Christian men I ever met. I looked up to him, and felt that he could teach me the deep things of God. After leaving him, I was conscious that I had been in the presence of a child of light whose good works caused men to glorify God.

We sympathize with you and your household in this hour of bereavement. But we rejoice with you, also, in the many precious memories and the blessed anticipations respecting your sainted son Charles. May the God of comfort and grace bless you.

Yours obediently,

N. B. REMICK.

To Mr. JEREMIAH WATERMAN,

Albany, N. Y.

(From J. H. ELLIOTT, Secretary Minneapolis Y. M. C. A.)

MINNEAPOLIS, *June 24*, 1889.

Mr. and Mrs. JEREMIAH WATERMAN, Menands, N. Y.:

Dear Friends— I learned almost by accident the other day of the death of your son Charles. Of course you will remember how intimate we were when I was secretary of the Albany association. Charles seemed from the first day of our acquaintance to have a peculiar friendship for me; and it was cordially reciprocated. I shall never forget the last day I spent with him at Menands; nor shall I ever lose the influence he exerted over me in various ways in connection with my work. His indomitable perseverance; his wise conservatism; his tender sympathy; and, above all, his deep piety made an impress on my soul for eternity.

I count it one of the sweetest privileges of my life to have known him; and I feel that in his own way he accomplished much more than do many of us with far more of health and opportunity than he ever enjoyed. My heart is saddened at the thought that I shall never look into his face, or feel the warm clasp of his hand again on earth; but my sadness is not without hope, for I shall meet him again. Please accept the heartfelt sympathy of

Yours sincerely,

JOHN H. ELLIOTT.

(From Rev. ALEXANDER DICKSON, D. D., Lansingburgh, N. Y.)

LANSINGBURGH, *June* 17, 1889.

My Dear Brother — Your last kind letter, which was written in “the valley of the shadow of death,” is before me. I do not wonder that your house is left desolate, and your heart is broken; but there is for you the sweetest comfort and the strongest consolation. Nay, you ought to be joyful in your sorrow. It is seldom that such a holy temple of the Holy Ghost, as the body of your beloved son, is laid away in the place of peace; and such a holy soul as dwelt therein, returns to God who gave it; and having made your home like Heaven so many years, henceforth and forever more he will make your Heaven like home, and in a little while the broken circle will be mended there.

What a happy father you should be, to have such a son—a son whose presence was a benediction wherever he went—a son who loved the Saviour so much, and served Him all his life for love—a son who carried so much of Heaven in his face, that it was a good sermon just to look at him. Yes, my dear brother, you ought to be a very happy father to have such a son, and to have him still in Heaven, waiting there with a welcome ready for you. And as everybody else is sympathizing with you, I trust you will permit me to congratulate you in having such a heavenly-minded, holy-hearted son.

But while your loved, and loving, and "altogether lovely" Charles was and ever will be your son, he never was and never will be your servant. He was the Lord's servant—His chosen vessel—a vessel "meet for the Master's use" in the heavenly temple, and the Lord took him.

I shall never forget a call that I made on Dr. Wyckoff when the sad tidings came that his son was dead at St. Thomas, where he went to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." As I entered the open door, the "old disciple," like a limber lad, came bounding across the parlor to meet me, and taking my hand in both of his he said, "Theodore was my son, but he was the Lord's servant. That settles it." I called as many others did to sympathize with my "true-yoke-fellow;" but I learned a lesson there and then. Dr. Wyckoff needed no sympathy at all, neither do you. Your son was the Lord's servant, and you know the Lord says, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." This blessed truth should wipe away every tear from your eyes, hush every sigh in your heart, and glorify your grief.

With kindest regards to your family, now so beautifully represented in Heaven, and praying that "the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush" may be ever thine, I am yours in the covenant,

ALEXANDER DICKSON.

Mr. WATERMAN.

In Remembrance.

Oh friend ! so true and helpful,
When hopes all broken lay,
Thy heart and hands were ready
To help us on our way.
Those hands, so glad in service
To sad ones in their need,
Shall make us always willing
The cry of want to heed.

Oh teacher ! tried and faithful,
We long to hear thy voice
Once more in pleasant accents
Pleading: " Make God your choice."
Thy life has been a lesson.
We fain would learn it all.
It teaches faith and patience,
And bids us hear God's call.

Oh brother ! so unselfish,
We miss thy happy face ;
Our circle now is broken,
There is a vacant place.
Thy life so pure and gentle,
To us shall ever be
A heavenly inspiration,
To draw us near to thee.

IN MEMORIAM.

Oh son! so well beloved,
Who hast but "gone before,"
Thou knowest now the glory
Of the celestial shore.
Fond memories crowd about us,
We almost catch thy smile.
With joy we know the parting
Is but a "*little while.*"

MRS. T. H. W.

Tributes of Respect.

Minute of Menands Mission.

IN MEMORIAM.

It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us our beloved brother and friend Charles F. Waterman, and we humbly bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors."

Full of comfort are these words to us who have known and loved this good man. Though physically weak, yet in the spirit of God was he strong, and from his earliest years he recognized the claims of his Creator upon him, and he made the service of his Master his life work.

How beautifully he expressed the Christian life! To serve God and his fellow men was to him not only a duty but a privilege. The withholding of the bodily strength necessary to engage in the preaching of the Gospel, as he originally intended, did not discourage

him, but made him more earnest and more energetic in other avenues of work. He triumphed over his own pain and suffering, and their only effect was to make him even more sympathetic with all sick and afflicted. He was a messenger of peace and comfort to all in this community, and love to God and man was his only actuating principle. No eulogies, no words of praise are needed to endear him to those whom he has left. All knew his kind and loving heart, and, by his ministrations to all, he had won a lasting place in their affections, and his noble and unselfish life should influence us to better and more consecrated service in the future.

But especially in our mission work and Sabbath School, in which he was so much interested and so actively engaged, will he be missed. His Christian advice and counsel were of great value, and through his prayers and his efforts much has been accomplished for the honor and glory of God.

As associate superintendent of our Sabbath School he had made himself very dear to us, not only as a school, but as individuals, for the Sabbath School to him was but the means to promote the best interests and the eternal welfare of each scholar. No case of absence from sickness or any other cause could occur without the personal investigation of this earnest man who felt that nothing should be left undone for Christ, and no one of these little children whom Christ loved so well should be neglected.

We sympathize deeply with his family and friends in their great affliction, with the prayer that the Spirit may be with them and comfort them.

HARRY S. PECK,

WM. J. DICKSON, JR.,

Committee from the Mission.

Minute of Sunday School Class.

We, the members of his class, desire to express our heartfelt sorrow at the loss we have sustained.

Our beloved teacher is asleep in Jesus.

He whom we have all learned to love and respect for the beautiful expression in his own life of those Christian principles which he so earnestly tried to cultivate in us, God has seen fit in His wise and merciful providence to take from us; and we mourn our loss, but not as those who have no hope; for we know that in the great hereafter, when the race is done and the victory won, we shall see him and be with him through a blest eternity. He has gone before us; and we are striving to emulate the beautiful example of self forgetfulness and love for others that he in his own life showed us.

J. W. CLARK, JR.,

CHARLES A. PECK,

Committee from the S. S. Class.

Minute of Building Committee of Presbyterian
Church at Menands.

The unspeakable loss which has befallen the Building Committee of the Presbyterian Church at Menands in the death of our beloved brother, Charles F. Waterman, is not the less grievous because it was in some degree anticipated. The further he receded from "the life that now is" into "the rest that remaineth," the closer he drew our hearts after him; and now that he has quite passed beyond the veil; now that the hand, whose warm grasp was a constantly repeated pledge of brotherhood, is cold in death; now that the eyes, whose steadfast light was the signal of faith that buoyed him upward, are closed forever; now that the voice, whose earnest pleading with his "Father God" yet lingers in our ears, is hushed and still, we as a committee and as individuals, are confronted with a sorrow which benumbs our thoughts and causes words to fail.

While as neighbors and friends we mourn for him, as do all who enjoyed the benison of his companionship, it is as a committee having in charge the building of the church completed and awaiting dedication, that we are stricken in a peculiar sense. The building of this chapel and the foundation of this church may be said to have been the objects to which our dear

brother, in his overmastering desire for the glory of God, devoted the last years of his life. His whole soul was wrapped up in this one enterprise. For it he worked in season and out of season ; for it he begged ; for it he prayed. Upon this altar he poured out his earthly existence, a willing sacrifice.

The chapel which he was destined, in God's mysterious but all-wise providence, never to see completed, will stand for generations a beautiful monument to a beautiful character. The church not yet organized will come into existence as a child whose mother dies in giving birth ; and, as no one can fully take the place of such a mother to such an infant, so it seems to us that there is no one to take the place of Charles F. Waterman to the Presbyterian Church at Menands. But as we have reason to believe that in times past God in His mercy has answered the prayers of a mother for the offspring her eyes never beheld, may we not hope that the earnest prayers of our brother for the church he awaited with such anxiety, will follow it long after dust hath mouldered back to dust, and bring benediction and blessing ?

To the stricken father, who is also a member of our committee, and to the other members of this heart-broken family, we extend our hands, with streaming eyes but palsied lips, as these bereaved ones say of the departed :

“Farewell! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our eastern skies;
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be,
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who for thy last long sleep
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore.
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o’er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast
On which the aching head was thrown
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.”

To have known and loved Charley Waterman, to have experienced the influence of his example, to have looked upon the sanctity of his life, to have witnessed the depth of his devotion to the cause of Christ, to have felt the spirituality of his religion, is something for which we should thank God as an inestimable blessing. May we all so live that it will not be brought up in judgment against us in that day when we shall behold him sitting at the right hand on high.

THOMAS C. MURRAY, *Chairman*.

JAMES C. ARCHIBALD, *Secretary*.

MENANDS, Memorial Day, May 30, 1889.

Resolutions of Officers of the Third Presbyterian Church.

ALBANY, N. Y., *June* 5, 1889.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from earth our friend and brother, Charles F. Waterman :

Resolved, That we, the Elders, Trustees, and Officers of the Sabbath School, representing the Third Presbyterian Church, deplore his death as a personal bereavement and a loss to the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That we regard his life in the purity of its motives, in the unselfishness of its aims, in its constant fidelity to the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom as worthy of the highest emulation.

Resolved, That the church whose walls he so dearly loved, for whose welfare he was so ardently concerned, and for whose progress he so generously contributed, sustains in his death an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That our Sabbath School with which he was formerly connected, and to whose interests he was so warmly devoted, regard his influence as a cherished memory and an abiding force.

Resolved, That the Session into whose fellowship he entered so warmly, and in whose deliberations he always proved his efficiency, lose in his death an Elder, valuable in counsel, amiable in character and spiritual in purpose.

Resolved, That the afflicted family of our departed brother, be assured of our deepest sympathy in this hour of their grief, and of our earnest prayers that this sad event may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

CHARLES E. DUNN,
Moderator.

ALEX. M. HOLMES,
Clerk.

WM. DEYERMAND,
Pres. Trustees.

S. FREEMAN SNOWDEN,
Supt. Sunday School.

Services at the House.

Scripture Reading, - - Rev. CHAS. E. DUNN.

Remarks by Rev. F. Russell, D. D.

Death in its tens of thousands of forms and instances, occurring as it does daily in our world, must, of course, with our limited powers of thought and feeling generally, be passed by unnoticed and unknown. But, when it comes into our own dwelling, and snatches the tender and the beloved from our own bosoms, it makes and leaves *its own impression*. It creates a vacancy that nothing can fill; a solitude that nothing can cheer; and an anguish and a gloom that nothing of earth can relieve. Cicero, at the death of his beloved daughter, Tullia, withdrew from Rome to his country villa at Tusculanum and there endeavored to relieve the keen anguish that he suffered by collecting and arranging the proofs of an immortality of being. The result of those sad hours of labor, is before the world to-day in his treatise on the immortality of the soul. He adverts to the fact that it was

universally believed by mankind. He refers to what Socrates and Plato had believed and taught in their schools of learning, and to the theme as it had been dwelt upon and argued by the philosophers of Greece in their discussions. He refers to the happy islands of the blessed, to the mountain ranges, the hills and streams, to the exquisite greens of the Elysian Fields. And yet, after all his summing up of the evidences of a future state of existence, he omits the anguish of his own bosom, which is one of the strongest proofs of a future state of existence that can be alleged, aside from a Christian revelation. For if there be not such a state, then there must be a malignant being at the head of this universe. But it is not so. Over our dear departed ones, we are authorized to feel and utter the language of the Christian poet.

“Look where we may, the wide earth o’er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn.
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o’er.
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor.
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.”

The dear one, whom we all have so much reason to love, whose departure to mourn, commended himself to those who knew him, in a variety of ways. He appreciated learning, mental culture, refinement, taste. It was his purpose to avail himself of the advantages of a liberal education, and devote it all to the work of the Christian ministry. Impaired health compelled him to desist from his course of studies and devote his attention to its recovery. His trials in this regard have been protracted and severe. At home, and in foreign lands, he has sought the wished for boon; at home and in foreign lands, he has been snatched, as it were, from the casket and the grave. Still, with partially restored health, he has never forgotten the work to which his heart was given. Whatever he could do, has been done, and long will it be before it will be forgotten, either in the neighboring city, or its suburb. His religious character was a study; and its analysis instructive. His convictions of personal sin and guilt, were *deep, thorough, pungent*. His self-renunciation was entire, absolute. His trust in Christ was sincere, childlike, unfaltering. In his devotions, he was earnest, humble, filial, grateful, ardent; and his life of action, was but the symbol or expression of his prayer. In demeanor, he was natural, modest, unassuming. He had a refined sense of the proprieties of time and place. With facility he threw himself into the circumstances of others, understood their wants, and sympathized with them in their trials.

With strangers, he easily made acquaintances, and formed friendships that lasted while he lived. His day and night meditations on Divine truth, made him an impressive and successful teacher in the Sabbath School, and an efficient laborer as to whatever he put his hand in the Church. Reverential, and fond of father and mother, not without humor or a keen sense of the ludicrous, alive with affection for brothers and sisters, he was ever a joy and a charm in the parental dwelling. There is a vacancy here now, and a solitude, that will be long felt yet.

“We cannot feel that he is far,
Since near at need the angels are ;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall we not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand.”

Prayer, - - - Rev. H. C. STANTON, Ph. D.

Scripture Selections, - by Rev. A. DICKSON, D. D.

Services at the Church.

Although the weather was very inclement, Bethany Church was crowded with the friends of the deceased ; who rose as the bearers, Elders John McEwan and Charles Ladow of the Third Presbyterian Church, and the Sunday School Class of which he had been teacher at Menands, proceeded down the aisle and deposited before the altar the black broadcloth casket bearing upon its plate the inscription :

OCTOBER 23, 1864,

CHARLES F. WATERMAN,

MAY 23, 1883.

Immediately after the funeral services, the remains still resting in their place, all the ministers present, ten in number, assembled on the platform, and the congregation rose again for the brief service of the dedication of the Church ; which was rendered doubly solemn from the fact that Mr. Waterman, the most energetic mover in the erection of the edifice, had not been per-

mitted to see it in its completed state before his death. God called him to behold instead that Divine temple, of which He Himself is the architect, and which is filled with His glory.

Invocation by Dr. H. C. Stanton.

O, Almighty Father, from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. To-day we gather in this place to pay the last marks of respect to a beloved brother, whose body was a temple for Thine indwelling; who has left behind him a temple wherein Thou mayest be worshipped; and who dwelleth now in the temple that was not made with hands. Thoughts of life, death, eternity, press hard upon us. In this season of our sorrow do Thou sustain our hearts. Show us what lessons and what blessings Thou wouldst send us through this grief. And may Thy Spirit give us everlasting peace through Him who is the resurrection and the life. Amen.

Scripture Selections, by Dr. A. Dickson.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O, Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord

of Hosts, my King and my God. O send out Thy light and Thy truth : let them lead me : let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple. For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion : in the secret of 'His tabernacle shall He hide me ; He shall set me up upon a rock. Therefore, will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy ; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors : and their works do follow them. Blessed and holy

is he that hath part in the first resurrection : on such the second death hath no power. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things have passed away.

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. He being dead yet speaketh. Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth. Peace be within Thy walls and prosperity within Thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, peace be within Thee.

I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,

which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing. Therefore, my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth : my flesh also shall rest in hope. Thou wilt show me the path of life : in Thy presence is fullness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

I am distressed for thee my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. I shall go to him, he shall not return to me. The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

Dr. Stanton's Address.

Generally it is a trying thing to speak at such a time as this. To-day it would be a trial, were we required to keep silent. Though we are unable to express either your feelings or our own. It is the teaching of inspiration that this life is but a preparation for the life to come ; and that, only in the light of the life to come, can the experiences of our life here be understood. Yet, as no photograph ever gives more than a faint suggestion of the character and career of him whom it represents ; so nothing we

say here will more than faintly outline the points on which we ought to touch.

In this life which now has ended, we behold the infinite wisdom and love of God preparing an immortal soul for an immortal destiny; though He did it in ways which to us may seem mysterious. This career began under Christian nurture, in a home of affluence and refinement. From his childhood, the boy recognized his obligations to his Creator. A little later, when he came to a public profession of his faith, his examination showed that he had given his heart to Christ at an age so early it was impossible to tell just when he did it. And the venerable Dr. Halley said to him, "You have always been in the kingdom." Probably the young man never knew the time when he was not a Christian. He was one of the rare youths whom it is necessary to restrain in their religious devotion, lest they do more than their strength can bear. There was about him something suggestive of the youthful Christ, who thought of other matters than those of His own home; and had for a time left father and mother, and entered into the temple, where He was "in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions." And when His parents told him that they had sought Him sorrowing, He said unto them, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" So, to the admonitions of his friends, there was that

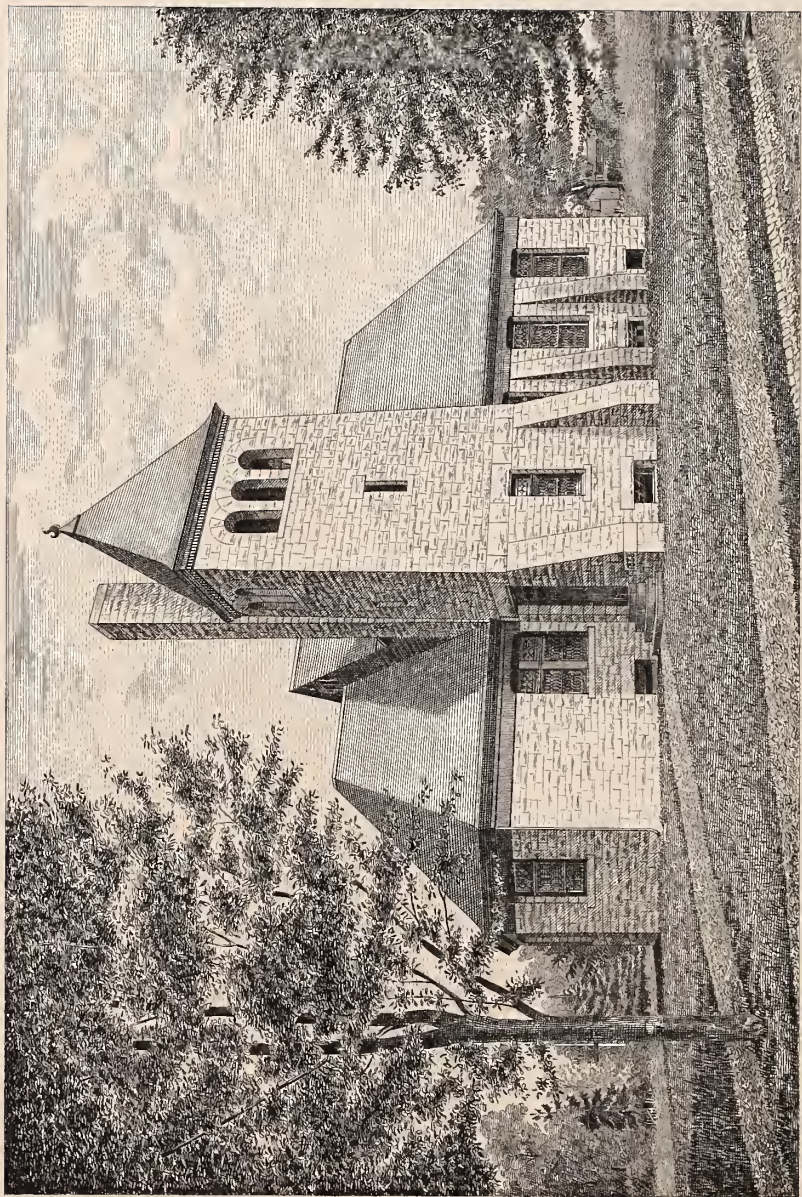
about this young man which seemed to recall the language of our Lord, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

His position in life would have seemed to open for him most inviting prospects. And he was justified in desiring health, with its powers and pleasures, as much as would any other person be. But these had been denied. He was called to suffer a heavy trial; undergo much bodily pain. He would have enjoyed the athlete's vigor as much as any man; but God allowed it not. He would have coveted advanced systematic study in the schools; but by reason of his delicate health these dreams were not fulfilled. He would have revelled in tremendous professional activities; but God withheld them from him. His was to be a life of physical deprivation, weakness, suffering. And he was perfectly conscious of the things of which he was deprived. This was to be his cross. And it was a great cross; because God would make of him a noble nature.

Yet his endowments were by no means without balance and compensation. For, though he was frail in body, God gave him in double measure strength of soul. With spiritual gifts, he was uncommonly enriched—a favorite child of God. So, though his was a great burden, he bore it lightly—with great patience. God had committed great treasures to him; but, as to Paul, "in an earthen vessel, that the excel-

lency of the power might be of God, and not of him." And, though the outward man perished, yet the inward man was renewed day by day. And his cheerfulness never seemed to fail. Those nearest to him, were the ones who most realized the royalty of his nature. In the home circle, it conspicuously shone.

Wishing to serve God in that sphere in which he could do most for his Redeemer, he was filled with ambition to be a herald of the cross; consecrate himself to the work of winning souls. He would be among the sons of Levi; stand at the altars of the living God. His frail physique would not permit him to do this. But nothing could change his purpose to devote his career directly to the cause of Christ. How useful and fruitful a career it was! He was among the most active, tireless workers for the King. Of his ministrations in this neighborhood; his visits to relieve the sick, comfort the afflicted, help the needy, bring benighted minds to light; none know better than yourselves. The love and affection of your poor, bear testimony to his goodness. He was one of the sweetest spirits in the church of which he was so many years a member. Though he lived miles distant from it, very regularly in his place, when his health would permit him to be there. In its Sabbath School he strove to bring his scholars to the cross. When at last he was obliged to relinquish his class, one of his last acts was to give the pastor the name and resi-



BETHANY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

dence of each pupil ; that he might carry on what the teacher had begun, while that teacher followed all with prayers. A decade ago, while he was still most youthful, the congregation would have ordained him to the eldership ; and this at last they did. His counsels and his prayers were valued in it. His presence was more than welcome. The hearts of many here before me are leaping now to testify how universally he was loved. But his activity went beyond that church. In our Young Men's Christian Association he was a foremost leader, prudent and judicious. One of the most generous givers to the fund required before the edifice was reared. Wont to help young men seeking for employment. Eager to bring young men to Christ. His was a benign influence throughout our city.

Who can forget his labors to ensure the erection of this chapel, as a means for upbuilding the Kingdom of our Lord? He has reared a house of worship, with tower pointing skyward, to honor the name of his Redeemer. In Westminster Abbey, under the medallions of John Wesley and his brother Charles, you see this sentiment, "God's workers pass away, but His work goes on." And though this worker has passed away, His work shall still go on. "Though dead, he speaketh." And this sanctuary proclaims that gospel message he would himself have spoken. Whether a marble tablet, with fitting inscription

graven, be placed herein to perpetuate his memory, or not ; and whatever name be formally given to this shrine, the sight of it must remind us evermore of him. I do not suppose that such an idea ever rose in his self-forgetful mind, or that of any of his household ; but, in my mind, as “the Charles Waterman Chapel,” I shall think of it forever. In St. Paul’s Cathedral you remember the famous inscription, giving the name of the architect Sir Christopher Wren ; then in Latin the question and reply, “Do you seek his monument ? Look about you.” And do you seek the monument of him who is silent here ? Then look about you. On this shrine, beautiful and almost indestructible. Yet this is not his greatest monument. See these faces, whose looks evince the respect and affection with which he was regarded. For upon many of these minds his character has left an everlasting impress. His monument is the hearts he has brought nearer to his Lord.

I have never met any young layman who seemed to have done much more for Christ than he. He was cut off in the midst of his days. But he has done more for the Master than most men do, even through long lives. Many a minister achieves less for the Redeemer than was wrought by this beloved brother in his short, youthful life. Much treasure is laid up above for him. But his spirit seemed greater than any of his works. They but suggested what he

would have done, had he had the power and the chance. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He saw God much, and walked with God. Pure and strong; a white and saintly soul. Transparently conscientious, wise and prudent; executive beyond many men of robust health. Refined, sweet, beautiful in spirit. The generosity of his heart and hand was not known to all of you. But it was abundant and continuous. Through it the gospel shall be preached long years after he is gone. At the last day, perhaps, many whom we know not shall stand up and say, "Under God, our conversion was due to him." Like these sunbeams which play continuously through glade and tree top; to flood the meadow and adorn the hills; to paint the petals of the flowers, and make glad the face of man -- were the influences of this life. Noiseless as the sunbeams are; but like them pervasive. And felt in many ways like them -- in refreshment, in fragrant influences sweet, in various fruits, in glorious beauty, and in human joy. As you cannot tell how many petals bloom responsive to the sunbeams, neither can you tell how many thoughts of love and of affection he has kindled in human hearts. Modest and unostentatious, he shrank from observation. Lived rather as if he were perpetually before the Great White Throne; and the smile of Him who sat thereon were what he coveted. And this he always seemed to have. He was like John -- the disciple whom Jesus loved.

When his last illness came, he had a feeling that it was to be his last. He plainly declared his conviction that his work was done. He had suffered so much, he felt that he could bear pain better than can some; but he was "weary to see the Master." He feared not. He had said with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that in my flesh I shall see God." There was no cloud upon his spirits. He was thinking about his friends even to the end. Though he was himself made perfect by suffering, he hoped that such anguish might be spared to them.

It was the morning of his last day on earth. He thought of that life in which in fullest measure shall be fulfilled Isaiah's prophecy, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." He repeated, slowly but in full, the 23d Psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

His soul had time "to set her quiet house to rights, and from its upper chambers watch the coming of the dawn." So the hours swept on toward the noon-day glory. Then from the heights of Heaven, with silent waft of wing an angel came—and called him. He heard, and he alone. And from that abode of death, two angels issued forth, where only one came in.

He dwelleth now in the land that hath no sunset. "There shall be no night there." His agonies are forever past. The gentle, loving sufferer is at rest.

In the far Italian land, at historic Genoa, in the Campo Santo — Sacred City of the Dead, famed through all the world for the rich art of its statues and mortuary monuments — there is one exquisite design. It represents a sepulchre; while by it, in attitude of rest, graceful of figure, beautiful of expression, a sweet faced angel stands — the Angel of the Resurrection, guarding the tomb. And underneath, in Latin are these words: "They have set me for a watchman." Now, one parting look upon this silent sleeper's face; and we commit this precious form unto the angels of the resurrection, whom God hath set to guard his resting-place. The night after Henry Ward Beecher died, they hung, by his request, a garland of white flowers upon his door; and the house was lighted up. Life's long battle was over now; and the warrior spirit had ascended to be crowned. With feelings of like triumph we think of this victor soul — gone up to his coronation.

That soul is quivering now with highest and most abounding life. Probably it seems to him as if he had just begun to live. He has now the supremest peace. Yea, perchance he is at this moment hovering near; and, could he speak, would say, "Father, mother, friends beloved, sorrowing there for me;

when I am *so* happy! Unspeakably blessed and rapturous is my state! And would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me! Would that you were blessed as I!" In the hours of meditation through the day; when the evening shadows fall, and the family gather round the hearth; in the vigils of the night; when the heart says, "Oh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" there may seem to be a presence near. A ministering spirit on the earth, he is of the ministering spirits still. And as they go forth in their bands; perchance about those he loved on earth, as a watcher and a holy one he shall with frequent visit come. But there is also another presence here. Beside each Christian soul among us, there stands a figure veiled and shrouded. It is the Angel of Grief. And we shudder, and shrink from the dread companionship. But we must walk with him as long as God wills. But, by and by, he shall spread his wings, to take his flight. And, as he is parting from us, he shall cast aside his veil; and turning, his eyes shall look in ours; and it will be a beautiful face that we shall see. For the Angel of Grief is the Angel of God. So let us sorrow in patience and hope, as our brother was wont to do.

This career now is only a memory and an influence. But even by those of us who are youngest, as long as we live on earth, that memory and that influence can never be forgotten. Loving hands have with flowers

decked and adorned this casket. These their tributes unto him. But sweet smiles, gentle words, gracious acts, holy prayers — were what he gave us. And they are immortelles. Their bloom and fragrance cannot die.

We close with such words as he would utter, could he speak. For he would say, "Bless you, my mother; bless you, my father; bless you, my brethren dear, may the peace of God that passeth understanding, abide in every heart." For this life was a benediction.

Music — Third Presbyterian Church Choir.

When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of "That City" I see,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be watching and waiting for me?

There are old and forsaken who linger awhile
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words, or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the reaper is near to the long standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free —
Will any of them at the beautiful gate,
Be watching and waiting for me?
Be watching and waiting for me?

Address by Rev. C. E. Dunn.

No occasion like this ever passes over our heads without summoning those who remain to a deep consideration of whatever was noble and beautiful in the life of the departed, not so much to praise these virtues, as to inculcate them in our own lives. The two root principles of Christian confession are—salvation by grace, and personal communion with Jesus Christ. The apostle writes to the Ephesians—“By grace are ye saved.”

Men have said that we are saved by culture, by law, by force, in a word, by works. The apostle mightily confutes this notion, and by argument and appeal and by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proves that salvation is a gift—we are saved by grace.

Once saved we are brought into intimate fellowship with Him who saved us. We know Him. Not a church, not a doctrine, not a creed, but Christ the life.

Why do we speak of these trite truths?

The last words that our brother ever said to me were, “It is all of grace,” and “I know whom I have believed.” Grace had wrought its sweet work in his life, and grace was his triumphant theme in the hour of death. And rising upon this stepping stone he came to that blessed height of knowing Him whom to know aright is life eternal. He has gone. We are left.

He has risen. We remain. Let us profit by his life.
Let us use this sad providence as a glorious inspira-
tion to better manhood and womanhood.

Music — Choir.

Lord, I care not for riches ; neither silver nor gold ;
I would make sure of Heaven, I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom, with its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, is my name written there ?
Is my name written there, on the page white and fair ?
In the book of Thy kingdom, is my name written there ?

Oh ! that beautiful city, with its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, in pure garments of white ;
Where no evil thing cometh, to despoil what is fair ;
Where the angels are watching, yes, my name's written there.
Yes, my name's written there, on the page white and fair.
In the book of Thy kingdom, my name's written there.

DEDICATION
OF
Bethany* Presbyterian Church.

Remarks by Dr. Stanton.

You have all expected that at some time this chapel would be dedicated. Before the dedication of the Temple unto God, Solomon sacrificed sheep and oxen that could not be told for multitude. And unto this edifice our now departed brother gave some of the best thought and labor of his life. By sorrowful coincidence the first religious exercises held herein, are the funeral services of him through whose labors it was reared. He has already dedicated this chapel from corner-stone to tower's top; and consecrated it to Heaven by his prayers. And a number of those who have been interested in the erection of this shrine (aside from his family), have felt that there could be no more fitting time for the formal

* As Bethany was just a short distance from Jerusalem, and Menands Station is just a little withdrawn from Albany, the deceased suggested that this name be given to the church.

dedicatory act than this; while still here before the altar the form of our loved one lies.

[All brother ministers here present, are invited to take their places upon the platform; and the congregation (except the household in affliction) are requested to rise and remain standing for a moment.]

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we ministers of Christ solemnly consecrate and dedicate this sanctuary to the worship and service of Almighty God. O Lord our God, hearken unto the prayers which Thy servant hath prayed before Thee. That Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day; even as toward Thy Temple at Jerusalem, the place of which Thou saidst, "My name shall be there." Amen.

Music — Choir.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,

I shall be soon, I shall be soon;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! sweet, sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,

I shall be soon, I shall be soon;

Beyond the shining and the shading;

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

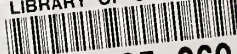
Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
(Refrain.)

Benediction—Dr. John McC. Holmes.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

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